

That future contingency is not so interesting, however, as the evidence of acquired wisdom revealed by the noble lord in seeking to place his capital in this sort of industry. A few months ago his lordship had a system that was warranted to win out over the most obstinate of adverse conditions at any gambling-house. There were so many occasions on which it just missed proving successful that its proud possessor burned to try it on the bank at Monte Carlo. His ambition was gratified, but the bank is still doing business at the old stand. Having learned his lesson he now aspires to replenish his empty coffers and he seems to have gone about it in the right way. It is safe to predict that his lordship will make more money out of his American investment than has been the good fortune of most British investors.

To the Editor of The Evening World  
Some people are always kicking about automobiles, but if they would only look at both sides of the question they might change their opinion. I was out in my runabout Sunday and several boys dared each other to stand the longest in front of it. I felt like thrashing them, as they were very provoking. Again, many boys, not ex-

St. Swithin's Forty Rainy Days.

**"The Man with the Feet."**  
The Editor of The Evening World:  
The man with the feet is the worst  
of the many "L" road nuisances.  
Stamps on your foot to recover his bal-  
ance. He stumbles over you. He is  
cross-legged, taking every passing pe-  
rson with his muddy boots. Can't  
be induced to leave his feet at home.  
He can't the company run a separate

"Oh, bother," he returned, with a careless matterfulness that astonished her. "You have been doing nothing but study for the past four years."

"Heaven, I should judge, from present appearances," replied the man thoughtfully, flicking

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average commuter. A commuter friend of mine tells me it is because they must rise at the screech of dawn, dress in a hurry, bolt their breakfast, rush to the station and then ride for an hour or so in a jammed and joggling train. I don't greatly wonder they are cross if all this is true. Will some commuter please tell me what is the compensating joy (apart from economy) of commuting?

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"Oh, bother," he returned, with a carelessness that astonished her. "You I do, nothing but study for the rest."

"Why, yes," she said, surprised into a forgetfulness of that permitted him to draw her closer and in low, eager tones.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the girl, when they strolled on deck after supper, "what has come over the spirit of the silly man's dream?"

"Heaven, I should judge, from present appearances," replied the man thoughtfully, **feeling**